# Sunday School Advocate

J. D. FELTER, ENG.

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## Life's Little Ship.

Only a little ship,
Building upon the shore;
Only a sailing-boat
The bright waves dancing o'er:
Even so life's little boat
Is launched with gladsome song,
'Mid murm'ring breezes fair
It merrily sails along.

Only a battered wreck
Lying on rocky shore;
The death-song of her crew
The waves sing evermore;
Life, too, all fair at morn,
Oft closed ere set of sun;
Thrice blest if not a wreck
When work of life is done!

## Good Out of Evil.

BY MRS. MARY WYTHE DODGE.

"If Mr. Brown does say it is true, I don't believe any such nonsense as that good comes out of evil."

"Neither do I! If I get run over, and my leg is cut off, it is evil, and no one can make me believe it is a good thing."

"That's so! bad is bad, and good is good, and that's all there is to it."

"I don't believe, boys, that you understood what Mr. Brown meant," said the smallest boy of the four, who walked on the curb-stone of the sidewalk, carefully balancing himself with his hands, and yet occasionally slipping down with one foot so that his shoulder hit the boy nearest him.

"What do you think he meant, Johnny Masters?" asked the tallest one of the boys.

"I can't explain it, but I know if you had asked him he would have proved he was right."

"Well, if you can't explain it, just tell us what good will ever come out of Garfield being shot and killed," said Johnny's best friend, Fred Burton.

"That's it!" "Just tell us!" "Why, I remember hearing father and lots of people pray for him to get well, and he died! Now, what good did it do, Johnny Masters?" The three boys, interrupting each other, and then letting Fred have the last words, turned and faced Johnny with expressions that seemed to say, "Get over that if you can."

"I told you I couldn't explain it, boys, but I know it is so," said Johnny, in a choking voice, for he remembered another good man whose life had ceased in this world during those warm summer months. The boys remembered, too, and after silence for a moment began to talk of their plans for Thanksgiving. Johnny continued silent until he said "good-bye" at his own gate.

"I don't know how to explain it, but I know it is so," he said to himself, as the boys went on. "Didn't mother tell me that 'all things work together for good to them that love Him,' and there must be some evil in those 'all things;' but it does seem all evil that mother has to work so hard just to keep us alive, and that no matter how hard I work we can't have any Thanksgiving like the other fellows; but I guess I'll wait before I go to crying like a baby, and may be some good will come out of it yet."

As Johnny opened the gate his little sister came running to meet him, and seeing his moist eyes, said,

"What for my Johnny ky?"

"I am not crying, pet," said Johnny.

"Then what for my Johnny feel bad?"

"'Cause mamma has to work so hard, and Johnny aint big enough to earn money to have a Thanksgiving."

"What's a Thanksgiving, Johnny?"

"Well, pet, it is turkey, and pudding, and pie, and thanking God."

"What for, Johnny? For the turkey?"

"I guess so, but you ask too many questions. See, here is my Sunday-School Advocate with a pretty picture of a little girl. I don't believe she asks as many questions as you do."

"What does she do, Johnny? Does she pray?"

"Dear, dear, how you do question a fellow! Here, I'll read you what she does," and sitting on the steps, while Lena put her head on his shoulder so she could see the pretty picture, Johnny read until weary.

"Mother, just come and see how pretty Lena looks," whispered Johnny that evening to his mother. "She has got out of bed, and is standing at the window in the moonlight."

The two went softly to the bedroom door, and were just in time to hear her say,

"Now, Lord, I fordot when I told you my prayer to say, 'Please give Johnny a Fanksgiving with some turkey in it,' but I told you now. For Jesus' sake. Amen."

"O Johnny, Johnny!" said his mother, after they returned to the sitting-room, "that is your work, and how can we get the darling 'a Fanksgiving with turkey in it,' and how can we fail to get it after that prayer?"

"We can't get one, mother, but don't worry. I couldn't help telling Lena about it, because she would know."

"Would know what?"

"What made me feel badly."

"And was that it?"

"Not exactly, mother, but the boys were all talking about what good times they would have on Thanksgiving, and I believe I got jealous."

"That wasn't like you, Johnny."

"I know it, but Mr. Brown said in Sunday-school that good would come out of evil, and the other boys did not believe it, and I did; and then it seemed as if no good could come out of your having to work so hard, and though I do my very best, and am willing to work all day, I can't get enough money to even buy a turkey! It seemed hard!"

"So it is, my boy. No hardship can be a pleasure in itself, but these very hardships may make you a stronger man."

"That's so, mother, for though I am so little for my age, I can throw any boy in our school, and some of them are a head taller than I."

Comforted by many wise, loving words, Johnny went early to bed, for he had the school-house fires to build, and many other duties to attend to about the building, before it was time to open school. Every morning he was up long before the daylight of these short days of November, for as school janitor Johnny helped pay the home expenses. Thanksgiving morning he built his mother's fire, ate the breakfast she had prepared for him the previous evening, and was then on the street before any of his school-mates had opened their eyes, for holidays for the rest of the boys meant harder work for Johnny in cleaning the large building.

"Mother says I'll be a stronger man for hardship as a boy," he thought to himself, as his teeth chattered with the cold. "I do believe I'll freeze some of these mornings, and then I'll be solid, if not strong," and he laughed merrily at his odd fancy as he ran along over the frozen pavement swinging his arms like windmills. "If a fellow only had a warm overcoat! but this scarf is a fine one! it is almost as good as a shawl, and mother says a warm heart is better than a warm coat."

Running, jumping, whistling, he ran along, exhilarated by the cold, and his busy brain filled with happy thoughts. He envied none of the boys this morning, and would not have changed places with one of them.

"Whew!" he said, aloud, stopping suddenly, "if there isn't a runaway team! I wonder if I could stop it!" and was instantly out in the road. Johnny noticed that the horses seemed to be going a little slower as they came nearer. Quick as a flash he thought,

"I do believe I could jump into the back of the wagon," and the next moment he was climbing over into the seat, where fortunately he found the lines, and gradually brought the horses into a slow trot. Back over the road Johnny drove hoping to find the owner of the runaways. It was so early he met no one, and

as he noticed it was a country wagon continued out of the street into the country road.

After driving about half a mile he came to a man sitting by the road-side, who called,

"Well, young man, do you propose to run away with my team?"

"Is it yours?" said Johnny. "I am so glad. I stopped them in town. Are you hurt?" he asked, as the man tried to rise.

"I've hurt my side and leg, but don't you leave those horses to help me. I can get up in a minute."

Painfully the man dragged himself to the wagon.

"There's a board in there," he said. "If you will slant it from the wagon to the ground, I think I can crawl up it."

After many painful efforts at last the man lay among the farm goods on the bottom of the wagon, and gave Johnny directions where to drive.

It was noon before Johnny's school work was done, though the farmer insisted on sending him back to town in the wagon. As he walked up the path to the door of his home, little Lena met him as usual, and before he had opened the door said so fast that a stranger could not have understood her,

"O Johnny, Dod did send a Fanksgiving. It was on wheels, and had two horses in front of it like a buggy, and a turkey inside it, and lots of other fings. Just see 'em," she said, pointing into the kitchen.

Amazed, Johnny passed by his mother, who stood smiling in the door-way. A most delicious odor of roast turkey, stewing cranberries, and other good flavors greeted him, while his eyes saw barrels of apples, potatoes, and flour that were not there when he left for his work in the morning.

"Mother," he said, "did it rain down?"

"No, my boy. The farmer you helped sent it, and said as you wouldn't take any pay, this was a thank-offering! Thank God, my son, for the hardships that have strengthened your muscles, and made you strong."

With bowed head Johnny said, humbly, "I do thank him, mother. What seemed all bad had good in it."

"I fanked him, too," said little Lena.

## The Princess Alice.

When we think of princes and princesses, we sometimes forget that they are children like ourselves, and lead very much the same kind of lives. The Princess Alice was one of the sweetest children you could ever wish to read of, and perhaps when you have heard a little about her you will try to follow her example, and be noble and loving in heart.

The Princess Alice was born on April 25, 1843, and was a good and merry child. When she was four years old, a little lamb was given to her, decked gayly with bells and ribbons. The princess was delighted with this live plaything, but unfortunately the lamb would not be petted quietly, but would either run away, or butt naughtily at his little mistress. This did not, however, make her angry, but we are told that she coaxed him all the more, and whispered, "Milly, *dear* Milly! *do* you like me?"

What an example to us when our loving acts and words are received roughly! Although the princess was so gentle and good, she was full of fun and mischief, and fond of riding, jumping, skating, and all such healthy exercises. One great point about her seems to have been her thoughtfulness for others.

Once when a lady, who was taller than most people, passed along the corridor where the royal children were playing, the Prince of Wales made a joke about her height. The Princess Alice immediately said, "It is very nice to be tall; papa would like us all to be tall."

At Christmas-time she would buy presents for every one with her own pocket-money, taking special thought to give to each person that which she felt would please them most. For instance, to one German lady she took care to give with a little present a card, with a greeting written in German, because she remembered how much the lady must miss her own home on that day when all families try to meet.

Being the second daughter, and, as she thought, less clever than her elder sister, she always took the second place; but there was never the faintest shadow of discontent or temper. Such a childhood could only lead to a happy girlhood, when she began to take an interest in all work for the good of others.

The Swiss Cottage at Osborne, which had a museum, kitchen, and store-room for the amusement of the royal children, gave her an opportunity of learning how to do household work and cooking, and it was no doubt owing to this early training that the princess was able to take an active part in works of charity in after years. It is all very well to know how a thing ought to be done, but it is better still to know how to do it.

Now, every one knows, too, that it is no use reading about good people if we do not try to follow their examples. So let us all try to be as humble, gentle, loving, and industrious as was the Princess Alice.—*Child's Companion.*

## Keep Hopeful.

Look on the bright side only,
Leave care for by and by,—
Perhaps 'twill tire of waiting,
And never more come nigh.
The sun may shine to-morrow,
Though to-night in clouds it set;
So bravely face the future—
"There's blue sky somewhere yet."—*Sel.*

# Required Reading, L. R. U.

## YOUNG BEREANS' LESSON HELPS.

### SUNDAY, DECEMBER 21.

Solomon, the wise old man, speaks here to the young, and his first word is "Remember!" As he looked back over his own life, no doubt his heart was pained, for there had been times when he did not "remember" God, and then he had fallen into sin.

It is just so with us. When we forget God we go away into sin, for Satan is always ready to lead us astray, and he is very glad when he finds that we do not remember God's words to obey them.

The second word that Solomon uses here is a very important one, too. It is the little word "Now." The only time we can be sure of is *now*. "Remember *now* thy Creator." To-day, this hour, this moment; remember what right God has to you—whose property you are, why he asks for your best days, the days of youth, of health, of strength, before trouble and care come to make life seem dark. Before the "keepers of the house [God's house, your body], tremble."

The keepers are the hands and arms, which protect the body. In old age these grow weak and tremble; the "strong men" (the feet and knees) bow themselves, "the grinders" (the teeth) cease, and "the windows be darkened" (the eyes grow dim). Remember God before the "doors [the lips] be shut," before the "daughters of music [the ear and the voice] shall be brought low." Remember him before the "silver cord [the spinal nerve] be loosed," or the "golden bowl [the skull] be broken," or the "pitcher be broken at the fountain" (the lungs and the heart).

When the beautiful house God has given has grown old, and fallen to decay, then how sad it is not to know God! And there is danger of this unless we remember him *now*, and invite him into the house while it is new and strong and clean. He is the only one who knows how to keep your house for you. Let him live in it, and then, though the outward house may grow old and fall to pieces, the inward house which he has been building all through the years will grow every day stronger and more beautiful, so that when the old one finally falls down you will be glad to have it go, so that you may dwell forever in your new and beautiful house in heaven.

"Fear God and keep his commandments." This does not mean be afraid that God will hurt you: but be afraid to disobey him. Do as he tells you to do, let Jesus come into your heart and live there and be your Lord and Master, and then you will be happy in this world, and in the world to come.

### SUNDAY, DECEMBER 28.

*Review Teachings.*

Persons. *David*, the faithful king, old and about to die. He did not think of himself only; he remembered the kingdom, and chose *Solomon*, his son, to be king after him. This was God's choice, and David loved the Lord's will more than his own. *Adonijah*, David's eldest son, tried to make himself king. *Nathan*, a prophet sent by the Lord on an errand to David. *Bathsheba*, Solomon's mother. These three wanted God's will done; Adonijah wanted his own will. The *Queen of Sheba*, a rich and wise woman, who took a long, hard journey.

Places. *Jerusalem*, the city of David. *Gihon*, where Solomon was anointed king, a place west of Jerusalem. *Gibeon*, a city a few miles north of Jerusalem, where Solomon went to sacrifice. The tabernacle which Moses made was at Gibeon, also the brazen altar. *Sheba.* No one knows certainly what country was called Sheba in Bible times. Some think it was Arabia, others Abyssinia, *Ophir*. The name of a country which abounded in gold and precious stones. *High Places.* In the hill before Jerusalem Solomon built altars of worship for idols, and sacrificed to them. This was in sight of the temple at Jerusalem, which Solomon had built in his earlier years.

Events. The rebellion of Adonijah. The anointing of Solomon. The building of the Lord's temple, Solomon's dream, and the request granted by the Lord. The great gathering in the completed temple and its solemn dedication to God by Solomon. The visit of the queen and her interview with Solomon. The strange fall of the wise King Solomon into idolatry. The punishment promised to Solomon. Solomon's efforts to find happiness in worldly activity and pleasure.

Teachings. The downfall of Adonijah teaches us not to put our own will before God's will. David's choice of a successor shows us that it is wise to wait until we know God's will in a matter, and then not to be turned from it. Solomon's earnestness and zeal in building the Lord's house is a lesson to us in the building up our lives according to God's word, and his request, when the Lord offered to give just what he asked, should help us to desire the best things. The giving of the temple to the Lord shows us how fully we should offer ourselves, the Lord's temples, to him and his service. The queen of Sheba teaches us that it pays to be at great trouble and expense to learn about the true God, and Solomon's sad fall warns us not to choose ungodly friends, lest they lead us into sin in leading us to forget God, as Solomon did.

## CHILDREN OF ALL NATIONS.

### JAPAN.

Japanese children have no end of toys and amusements; and one thing that would, no doubt, make them happier than any thing else is that they are most loving and obedient children to very fond parents, who never punish them. Never being punished would not, however, make them happy if it were not that, strange to say, they really do not seem to require or deserve punishment—a word softly spoken to Japanese boys and girls being alike enough for admonition and reproof.

Education is a matter of great importance in Japan, and both boys and girls of all ranks and classes are expected, not only to learn to read and write, but to have some knowledge of the written history of their own country, which they say extends over 2,500 years. They are very proud of their country, and perhaps justly, as it is supposed to have the most ancient sovereignty in the world, the sovereigns, or mikados, having formed, as it is said, an unbroken dynasty since 660 B. C. Most Japanese children are, therefore, sent to school, and are generally to be seen on their way thither learning their lessons out loud. Although Japanese children have to learn to write their characters in columns, from the top to the bottom of the page, beginning at the right-hand side, as do the Chinese, the characters are not at all the same, and the two languages also differ very much, the Chinese words being all short, and many of the Japanese very long. Then, also, the latter has an alphabet, but the former has none.

Children of "The Land of the Rising Sun" have their heads shaved, with the exception of four little tufts, one before, one behind, and one on either side. They wear bright and many-colored clothes, their loose jackets having very long sleeves almost to the ground, in each of which is a pocket.

About the religion peculiar to Japan little folk would not understand much. It is called Shinto, and boys and girls are taught to pray to the sun, moon, and stars, also to rivers, trees, etc.; and among gods and goddesses the sun-goddess, who is supposed to have been won from a cave, is their patron divinity.

Japanese children are taught to strictly keep festivals in honor of their gods, and on a festival morning boys will go off very early to the barber to be shaved (the time in Japan for getting up is sunrise, and the time for going to bed sunset); then they will put on their best clothes, paint and powder their faces, and start away for a Shinto temple. Outside they may find some bronze dogs. If they do they will first touch one of these all over, and then themselves in the same way, which signifies a prayer to be well and strong. When they go into the temple they ring a bell to call the god's attention to what they have to say, drop some money into a box, which they have carried with them, and ask the god to bless them. Coming along they have most likely bought two rice-cakes, which they give to a boy belonging to the temple, in exchange for which he gives them one that has been blessed.

So much is done in Japan to make children happy that it would be impossible to describe it all; wherever they walk they find stalls in the streets, on which toys or cakes and sweets are sold, but perhaps what would interest English girls more than any thing else would be to hear about a feast kept on the third of March, called "The Feast of Dolls." The name would lead us to believe that it is the grandest and happiest day in the whole year for girls, and so it is. Their dolls are, on this day, all displayed, and many a new one has been bought from shops, fitted up with them, for the occasion. The dolls are mostly made of wood, or enameled clay, and are very beautifully dressed; and as girls play with their dolls until they are grown up, and then save them for their children, they accumulate until a great many are in the possession of one family. No doubt many little fans are hung upon the dolls, for we know that Japan, like China, is noted for its fans and pretty little knickknacks.

There is on the fifth of May also a special festival for boys called "The Feast of Flags." The toys then consist of effigies of great commanders and heroes, and all kinds of implements that are used in war, especially many flags. In the same way that dolls were bought, two months before, for the girls, these toys are now bought for their brothers.

Japanese children are very good mimics, and very fond of acting. The boys also like athletic sports, especially wrestling, play football, fly kites (beautiful ones made of tough paper, and representing a variety of things, even children). Then they walk very much on stilts. Girls are very fond of battledore and shuttlecock, the shuttlecock being sometimes in the shape and form of a bird, and the battledore consisting of a flat piece of wood without any vellum. And blowing bubbles is a very favorite amusement of Japanese children. Then boys and girls like round games, also quiet ones round the table on a winter's evening.

Japanese toys are too numerous to describe, but so many of them now come to America that they are becoming familiar to American children.

One thing I have forgotten to mention with regard to a stall in the streets which delights little purchasers very much. A man sells all the materials necessary to make a cake, and then allows his little customers to manufacture it themselves, and to cook it on his stove.

So you see that both within and without of doors people do all that they can to make these children happy, and how glad they must be in return to know that they are doing all in their power to give pleasure, by trying to be very loving, truthful, and obedient! Besides loving and honoring their parents Japanese children are also taught to honor all their ancestors.—*Little Folks.*

[End of Required Reading.]

# SUNDAY-SCHOOL ADVOCATE.

DECEMBER 13, 1884.

J. H. VINCENT, Editor.

MARTHA VAN MARTER, Assistant Editor.


## Straight Ahead.

A BRIGHT-EYED boy stood at a corner where four ways met. He looked puzzled. A little shadow of anxiety began to cloud his face. Turning suddenly, he saw a kind-looking old gentleman coming slowly up the road. The boy's face brightened.

"Will you please tell me, sir," he asked, lifting his hat, "the shortest way to South Haven?"

"Straight ahead, my boy. Straight ahead!" and as the boy with a cordial "Thank you" was about to move on, the old gentleman added, "I'm going that way myself. Will you keep me company?"

The two walked on together for nearly a mile, and then the old gentleman reached his home. He had made himself so agreeable to his young friend that the boy was sorry to part with him. Before saying good-bye the old gentleman said, earnestly, "My boy, there's another and a better Haven than South Haven, and you will reach that by getting on the right track, and then going *straight ahead*."

The two did not meet again in this world, but the boy never forgot the words of his venerable friend. What is better, he acted upon them. He made haste to get on the right track, and then he went "straight ahead," even to that Haven which we name Heaven.

## Christmas is Coming.

THE boys and girls all know it. The question is, how many are getting ready to enjoy it? There's a kind of Christmas joy that lasts, and there's a kind that is all gone in a week or two. The ADVOCATE boys and girls do not want that kind, and so we are going to give them some hints upon making a merry Christmas that will last till another comes around. Read it, every one, and think, "What can I do about those homes to which 'Santa doesn't go?'"

## "A Merry Christmas."

BY JULIA M. DANA.

IF you want a merry Christmas,
  My little girls and boys,
I can tell you how to double
  Your pleasures and your joys.
Go share your many blessings
  With the suffering and the sad,
Where weary hearts are waiting
  For you to make them glad.

There are homes in every city
  Where Santa doesn't go,
For there no pretty stockings
  Are tempting him, you know;
Where tender children hunger,
  And want is at the door;
Suppose *you* had a little less,
  And *they* a little more!

There was once a holy baby
  Who in a manger lay;
He brought to you, my darlings,
  This blessed Christmas day.
O keep his loving message
  Within your memory:
"As ye do it to the least of these,
  Ye have done it unto Me."

## A Sad Lesson.

BY EGBERT L. BANGS.

OFFICER M—— has just come into court with a good-looking, well-dressed young man in charge. His honor, Justice H——, says to the prisoner, "Well, sir, what are you accused of?"

The officer at once says, "I found him intoxicated on the street, and so kept him in the cooler last night."

"How is that?" said his honor to the prisoner.

"Well, sir!" said the man, "I am a commercial traveler. I neglected to go to dinner at the proper time yesterday, as I was very busy, making a good sale. So, to keep myself braced up, I took a glass of whisky. It went straight to my head, I suppose, because my stomach was empty. Then I took another glass, and here I am."

"Well, sir, your sentence is this," said the court, "You must either pay a fine of six dollars, or go up for ten days."

"I can't go up," said the man. "It would ruin me; I should lose my situation, and I have a family dependent upon me for bread. I have not money enough to pay such a fine. Last night I had thirty dollars and a note for two hundred dollars in my pocket-book. It is all gone now. I don't know how or where it went."

The prisoner was a well-dressed, clean-looking man, with a bright, pleasant face, a very different person in appearance from the common drunkard, who don't care very much if he is sent up.

"Your case looks a little hard," said the justice.

"Can't you pawn something till you can pay the fine? If you can do that, I will release you, and let you go about your business."

The man drew from his pocket a silver watch. "There," said he, "I will leave that with you till I can raise money enough to redeem it." Very soon he left the office, glad to escape the disgrace and discomfort of ten days in jail at any price.

That man must redeem his watch or he will lose it forever. But he has something more to redeem than his watch. He has weakened his power to stand up against temptation, and he has lost his own self-respect.

Many of our boys have good situations. Have any of them sown the seeds of an appetite whose gratification may place them where they will have to pawn their watches, to keep their places? As that man went out, sad, humiliated, ashamed, I could not help thinking how fortunate he would have been had he learned to say "NO" when a boy, and then kept up the habit, whenever any friend said to him, "*Wont you take something?*"

## A Talk with Pussy.

KITTY, pussy,
  Pussy, kitty,
You sleepy one, it seems a pity
To wake you when you look so lazy,
But all's gone wrong, and I'm 'most crazy.

Pussy, kitty,
  Kitty, pussy,
Mamma is cross and grandma fussy,
Papa won't talk, but says, "Don't bother!"
Yes! mother, grandmother, and father,
All turn to me the cold'est shoulder—
Wish they were young, or I were older.

Kitty, pussy,
  Pussy, kitty,
If you were only wise and witty,
As Puss in Boots once was, you know,
You might go now and tell them so;
Or help me out in some way, kitty,
But then you can't! O, what a pity!

Pussy, kitty,
  Kitty, pussy,
What would you do if folks were fussy,
Or rubbed your fur wrong? would you purr?
No, no, you'd mew, as now you do,
  Pussy, pussy,
  Kitty, pussy,
  Pussy, kitty,
I've never thought—perhaps 'tis pity—
That I might be—what do you say?
The one who first stroked the wrong way!

—*Churchman.*

## Newton's Childhood.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON is the greatest of modern philosophers and mechanics. When he was born, December 25, 1642, three months after his father's death, he was so small and feeble that no one supposed he would live a day, but the weak infant grew to be a healthy, robust man, who lived until he was eighty-four years old. He began to invent or contrive machines and to show his taste for mechanics in early childhood. He inherited some property from his father, and his mother, who had married a second time, sent him to the best schools, and to the University of Cambridge. At school he soon showed his natural taste. He amused himself with little saws, hatchets, hammers, and different tools, and when his companions were at play spent his time in making machines and toys. He made a wooden clock when he was twelve years old, and the model of a wind-mill, and in his mill he put a mouse, which he called his miller, and which turned the wheels by running round its cage. He made a water-clock four feet high, and a cart with four wheels, not unlike a velocipede, in which he could drive himself by turning a windlass.

His love of mechanics often interrupted his studies at school, and he was sometimes making clocks and carriages when he ought to have been constructing Latin and Greek. But his mind was so active that he easily caught up again with his fellow-scholars, and was always very fond of every kind of knowledge. He taught the school-boys to make paper kites; he made paper lanterns by which to go to school in the dark winter mornings, and sometimes at night he would alarm the whole country round by raising his kites in the air with a paper lantern attached to the tail; they would shine like meteors in the distance, and the country people, at that time very ignorant, would fancy them omens of evil and celestial lights.

He was never idle for a moment. He learned to draw and sketch; he made little tables and sideboards for the children to play with; he watched the motion of the sun by means of pegs he had fixed in the wall of the house where he lived, and marked every hour.

## How Coffee is Cultivated.

THE manner of cultivating the coffee-plant varies but little in the several Central American States.

The coffee-beans are first planted in hot-beds, from which they sprout, and shoot up five or six inches high, when they are removed singly and taken to the fields which have been prepared to receive them. There the young sprouts are planted anew, in rows, with a space of from four to six feet between the plants. For two years they need no more care, except an occasional plowing out of the weeds which spring up around them. The third year the plant is from three to four feet high, and commences to bear, producing about a pound of coffee fruit. Each year adds to the size and productiveness of the tree, till it reaches about ten feet in height, after which it gives a product of from twenty to thirty pounds of green fruit.

## Kitty and "Almost."

KITTY had a birthday present of a work-box from Uncle Curtis, with scissors, thimble, needles, and every thing that was proper for a complete work-box to have.

It gave a great spur to Kitty's love of sewing. She did not like a needle and thread before; now she did. And Kitty undertook to hem a dozen towels. She was on the first towel, and had hemmed half of one end, when she took it to her papa.

"Papa," she asked, "is not that hem even?"

Papa took his eyes from the newspaper, put them on the hem, then looked at his little Kitty, as much as to say, "Do you think it is, Kitty?"

"Don't you think it's almost even?" asked Kitty, blushing.

"What is almost even?" asked papa.

"It is uneven," said Kitty.

"Yes," said papa, "almost even is uneven. The hem is uneven."

"Kitty," said papa, "there is a straight line running through life. On one side of it is the wrong side, on the other is the right side; every thing is on one side or the other. There is no such thing as almost right. Almost right is always wrong; almost good is bad; almost true is an untruth—a lie; as almost even is uneven."

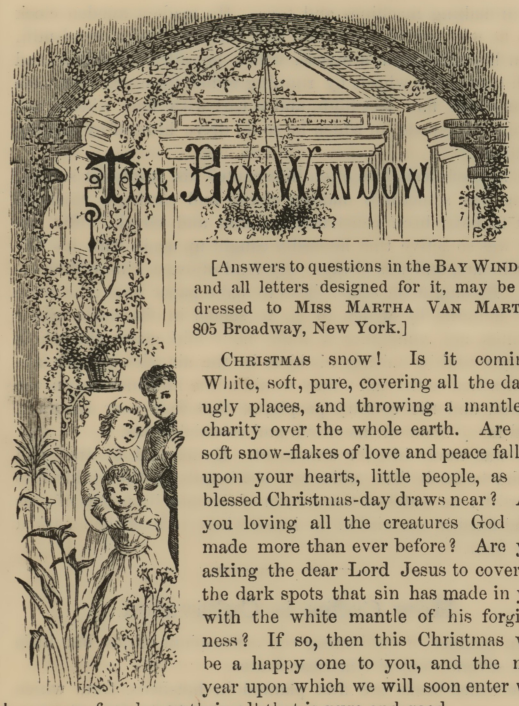
## Happy Olive.

OLIVE is called, by those who know and love her best, "Happy Olive." She sings at her work, and always has a cheery word for every one. All the children love her, and some old people who live in her neighborhood say it makes them feel young again when Olive comes to sit with them a bit.

Olive has found the secret of happiness: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." That means, put heart and love into every thing you do. It is a good old Bible rule, and if more people minded it there would be far more joy in the world.

See her now. She is sitting down to work which some girls do not like to do. But for the time she puts her heart into it, and it becomes a real pleasure to take the stitches neatly and skillfully. And hear her glad song ring out! "I'll be happy, happy, all the day!"

DEAR young friends, avoid the first wrong step. Yield not to a single temptation, or you will be less able to resist subsequent ones.




[Answers to questions in the BAY WINDOW, and all letters designed for it, may be addressed to MISS MARTHA VAN MARTER, 805 Broadway, New York.]

CHRISTMAS snow! Is it coming? White, soft, pure, covering all the dark, ugly places, and throwing a mantle of charity over the whole earth. Are the soft snow-flakes of love and peace falling upon your hearts, little people, as the blessed Christmas-day draws near? Are you loving all the creatures God has made more than ever before? Are you asking the dear Lord Jesus to cover all the dark spots that sin has made in you with the white mantle of his forgiveness? If so, then this Christmas will be a happy one to you, and the new year upon which we will soon enter will be a year of real growth in all that is pure and good.

Get ready for the true Christmas, boys and girls, for the coming of peace and good-will in your own hearts, and keep this Christmas all the year!

Two letters which were sent to the printer some weeks ago and were crowded out must find a place now. We are glad our little folks have patience with our long delays. We should print all the letters in the "next paper" if we could, but that is not possible, you know. As it is, we keep them in the order in which they are received, and use them as fast as we can. But that is not very fast, as we have so little room!

"FAIRBURG, ILL.

"*Dear Bay Window:* I am a little girl nine years old. I go to Sabbath-school. I have a pet canary. He is very tame. I have a Shetland pony, and a tiny dog. Will you please tell me some short, pretty name for him? And oblige your little friend, DAISY VIRGIN."

"Dot," "Spot," "Dash," and "Bijou," are all short and pretty. What a great many pets you have, to be sure! Somebody loves to make a little girl happy. What are you doing for somebody in return?

"SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

"*Dear Bay Window:* I am a little girl twelve years old. My father and mother are dead, and I try to be as good as I can so I can go to heaven and see them. I like to read the ADVOCATE very much. Yours truly, ROSA BOUNDY."

Our family is a great one indeed. Look at Rosa's address! But it isn't even bounded by this earth, for many, O so many of our friends are living in heaven! We must remember, though, that our goodness will never take us there to see them. Only faith in Jesus, the good one, and obedience to him, will gain us entrance to that Happy Land.

"SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

"*Dear Bay Window:* I am fourteen years old, and although not exactly an invalid, am nearly as bad, as I cannot walk or exert myself much. At times I feel very lonely, as I have neither brother nor sister, but I always trust in God. If you will allow me, I would like to send you a brief sketch of my home, and how I spend my days. I think it would interest your readers, and it would give me great pleasure.

"Yours sincerely, VIOLETTE OLIVE BURTE."

We should all be glad to hear from you, and meantime we will hope that the good Father will send you health and strength. We are sure he will, if that is the best thing for you.

"JACKSON CENTER.

"*Dear Bay Window:* I am a boy fourteen years old. The Lord has come to our little village. There are eight hundred inhabitants in this place, and one of the best little Sunday-schools in the country. Tell some of the boys I would like to correspond with them. Yours truly, WILLIAM COOCH."

William does not tell us what State he lives in, so the boys will not know how to address him. The Lord comes to all the little villages, but too often he is not recognized. We are glad the people knew him when he came to Jackson Center! Be sure that you do not lose sight of him!

"ASHLAND, O.

"*Dear Bay Window:* I am a little girl eight years old, and I go to school. We have two tiny kittens. We call them Duke and Dandy. They play together and make us laugh.

"Your little friend, HELEN GOOD."

We are glad to hear from this "good" little girl. May she always be true to her name!

Here is a twin letter. Two little girls, each nine years of age, write on the same sheet. We will make their letters into one.

"RICHLAND, IOWA.

"*Dear Bay Window:* I go to Sabbath-school every Sabbath, and I take a penny every time. CARRIE E. COWGUILL."

"I have three dolls, Blanche, Carrie, and Flora. I go to Sunday-school, and have not missed once this year, and I do not want to. MARY CHARLTON."

Another twin letter from Oxford, Ind.

"*Dear Bay Window:* We are two little girls who have written to the Bay Window once before, but we did not see our names, and suppose you did not get our letter. We are members of the Methodist Church, but we attend both Presbyterian and Methodist Sunday-schools. Yours truly,

"GRACE SELDEN AND MAY RAYMOND."

Don't you think one Sunday-school, *well attended*, is enough? Try for a while putting all the time and strength and love into one school that you now divide between two, and see if it is not better.

"NEW LONDON, O.

"*Dear Bay Window:* I am a little girl ten years old. I was reading the Bay Window to-day, and it asked who among our young historians can tell what the 'forty-niners' were. I can tell you. The men who went to California the first year after gold was discovered are called the forty-niners, because they went in the year 1849. BERTHA POWERS."

"DU BOIS, PA.

"*Dear Bay Window:* I am a girl fourteen years old, and would like to correspond with some of the girls of the L. L. I go to Sunday-school, and have a kind teacher. I have never seen a letter in the ADVOCATE from Du Bois, so I thought I would let you know we are alive and trusting in God.

"Yours truly, ODESSA HODGE."

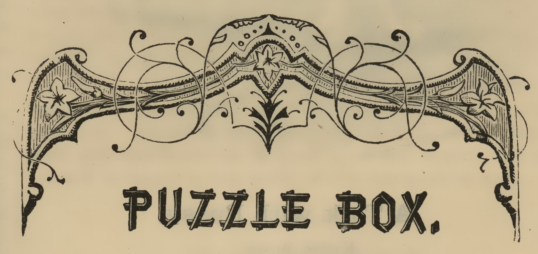
It is a great thing to be "alive." Do you know the Bible calls those people dead who do not know Jesus and obey him?

Sadie M'Mahon and Allie Woody, of Missoula, M. T., would like to correspond with Bay Window girls.

*Johnny Kieffer*, of La Fayette, Ind., writes a pleasant letter. He is a little stranger in La Fayette, but will soon have plenty of friends, if he shows himself friendly, as we are sure he will do.

*Audie West* loves Jesus, and will learn to love him more if she obeys him and watches for his words.

Lillie Cecil, of Hyattstown, Md., has read the ADVOCATE for one year, and feels at home in our big family, and Annie Elder, whose address we cannot make out, is a girl who is "trying to help the Lord to come to her heart." We wish all our boys and girls would do that, but we want them all to remember that the only way they *can* help is by just opening the heart-door and *letting* the Lord come in!




EASY ENIGMA.

I am composed of fifteen letters. My 13, 1, 5, 6, is a girl's name. My 7, 8, 14, 9, 2, is to fascinate. My 2, 10, 15, 12, is fine rain. My 4, 3, 11, 12, is cessation of action. My whole I wish you all. MAUDE TRUMAN.

LETTER CHARADE.

In talk, not in sing;
In throw, not in fling;
In put, not in take;
In pie, and in cake;
In kill, not in dead;
In Kate, not in Fred;
My whole is a city in Kansas.

OLLIE DAVIS.

METAGRAM.

I am composed of nine parts. My whole is superior. Five ninths is to surpass. The remaining four is a fast of forty days. In me may be found a coin, a numeral, and a place of confinement. What am I? LIZZIE J. PRICE.

DIAMOND.

1. A consonant. 2. A wilderness in the Arabian desert. 3. A companion of Paul. 4. The father of Joshua. 5. A consonant. E. B. LEASE.

HIDDEN MOUNTAINS.

A. A. C. C. U. U. S. S. are mountains between two seas of Europe. O. O. O. O. H. H. K. D. S. are mountains in Asia. N. N. N. E. E. I. P. A. are mountains upon a European peninsula. BO-PEEP.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN ADVOCATE OF OCT. 11.

Enigma: Matthew Simpson. Hidden Cities: 1. Logan; 2. Hanover; 3. Dover; 4. Babylon; 5. Naples. Hidden Acrostic: Olive. Arithmetical Puzzle: 8+2=10. 12—2=10. 5×2=10. 20÷2=10. Diamond: 1. T; 2. Pig; 3. Tiger; 4. Gem; 5. R.

Complete sets of answers have been received from W. W. Johnson, Henry Bossert, E. W. Hilgert, Mary E. Taggart, Laura V. Bose, E. H. Mitchell, Maude E. Shafer, F. Roy Rutter, Leslie L. Hand, J. W. Hyson, Mary A. Van Gunten, Viola and Howard L. Godfrey, Charles J. Wisner, H. L. Patterson.

ALL difficulties come to us, as Bunyan says, of temptation, like the lion which met Samson. The first time we encounter them, they roar aud gnash their teeth; but, once subdued, we find a nest of honey in them.

## Work and Play.

PROVERBS IN SECTIONS.

As the winter evenings are now at hand, we give below a proverb game which may be made amusing where there is a party of children who are fond of intellectual diversions. Each player thinks of a proverb, writes the syllables on a piece of paper in the manner indicated below, and hands it on to his next neighbor, who writes on the back the proverb itself, if he can, and keeps the paper. If he cannot solve the puzzle, he reads out the syllables quickly, and any player who guesses the proverb receives the paper. At the end of the game see how many papers each player has.

1. -dle fire great it kin- Lit- out ones put sticks -tle the.
2. By gets go- -ing mill the.
3. are all be not to Truths told.
4. A got is -ny pen- spared twice.
5. -ing no pays Talk- toll.
6. a- -eth fire far not quench- -ter Wa-
7. be- -eth fox Geese the preach- -ware when.
8. A -ers gath- -ing moss no roll- stone.
9. A a -ant's -ders dwarf far- gi- on of shoul- sees the the -ther two.

1. Little sticks kindle the fire; great ones put it out.
2. By going gets the mill.
3. Truths are not all to be told.
4. A penny got is twice spared.
5. Talking pays no toll.
6. Water afar quencheth not fire.
7. Geese beware when the fox preacheth.
8. A rolling stone gathers no moss.
9. A dwarf on a giant's shoulders sees the farther of the two.

It will be seen in the above examples that a certain clue is given by writing the syllable with which the proverb commences in a capital letter. This need not be done in playing the game where elder children only take part, but it is an assistance for the younger ones. As to the arrangement of syllables, it will be seen that the above are assorted in alphabetical order, and this plan will be found most easy for reference, but the sections may be placed in any order. In the case of number 2, the above arrangement gives a clue to the proverb, and therefore in writing out your "sections" it will be found that for short proverbs it will be desirable to place the syllables in such a manner as to give the slightest indication of the sentence, while in longer proverbs the alphabetical plan will be best.

## The Triple Pledge.

BY THOMAS R. THOMPSON.

STRONG DRINK.

We will not buy, Wine, cider, beer,
We will not make, Rum, whisky, gin;
We will not use, Because they lead
We will not take, Mankind to sin.

TOBACCO.

We will not smoke We will not chew,
The smoker's pets, We will not snuff,
Those little things Or waste our time
Called cigarettes. In playing puff.

PROFANITY.

We will not curse, Our words shall be
Though many dare Both pure and plain;
Open their lips We will not take
To curse and swear. God's name in vain.

—*Signal.*

A SPANISH proverb says: "One I did is worth two I wish I had."

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